

By Sidney Smith

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Bachelor Husband," "The One Unwanted," etc. Copyright by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY... The Fortune Hunter runs across a man's door... He looks at the man's name... He reads the letter from a girl... He reads the letter from a girl... He reads the letter from a girl...

He felt absurdly sorry over the whole incident... He had had no intention of ever opening those locked boxes... He felt absurdly sorry over the whole incident... He had had no intention of ever opening those locked boxes...

HE PUT his hand through her arm... He drew her close to his side... He drew her close to his side... He drew her close to his side...

He didn't matter in the least... He felt absurdly sorry over the whole incident... He felt absurdly sorry over the whole incident... He felt absurdly sorry over the whole incident...

She was looking out over the river with dreamy eyes... He was looking at her with moody eyes... He was looking at her with moody eyes... He was looking at her with moody eyes...

He looked away from her... He looked away from her... He looked away from her... He looked away from her...

He drew her into his arms and held her fast... He drew her into his arms and held her fast... He drew her into his arms and held her fast... He drew her into his arms and held her fast...

He had written such beautiful letters during the years of their separation... He had written such beautiful letters during the years of their separation... He had written such beautiful letters during the years of their separation...

Tommy had turned abruptly and was limping away up the garden... Tommy had turned abruptly and was limping away up the garden... Tommy had turned abruptly and was limping away up the garden...

Not one mention of the tragedy that had separated them... Not one mention of the tragedy that had separated them... Not one mention of the tragedy that had separated them...

His face was hard and peaked in his anger... His face was hard and peaked in his anger... His face was hard and peaked in his anger... His face was hard and peaked in his anger...

He had written such beautiful letters during the years of their separation... He had written such beautiful letters during the years of their separation... He had written such beautiful letters during the years of their separation...

THE GUMPS—Lost—An Uncle



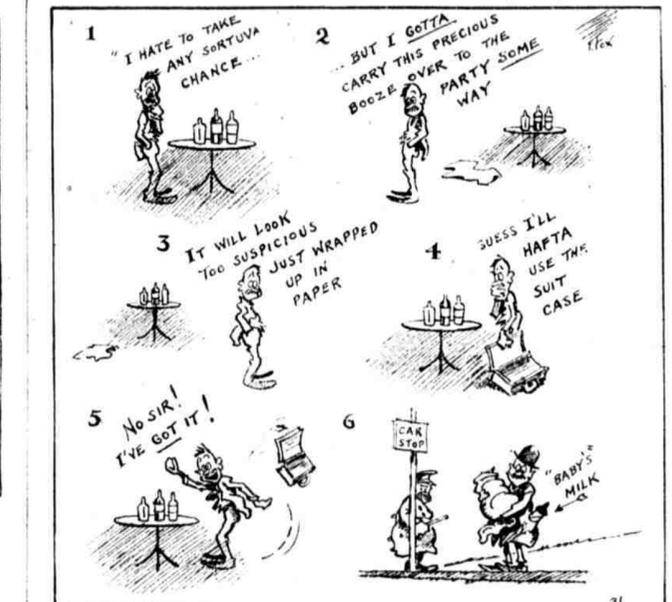
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Nurse



The Young Lady Across the Way



How Jones Carried His Precious Licker Over to the Watch Party — By Fontaine Fox



SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—Not the Same to You



GASOLINE ALLEY—Ready for New Year's Eve

